The Undergraduate.

VOL. IV. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1879. NO. 4.

A COLLEGE RHYME.

A Freshman enters the classic halls,
A leaf from the tree top gently falls;
With an earnest gaze, he scans his book,
The leaf floats down in a mountain brook.

A Sophomore trifles with college rules,
The leaflet lingers in stagnant pools,
He shuns suspension and labors well,
The leaf floats on in a shady dell.

A Junior treasures a golden curl,
The leaflet plays in an eddy's whirl,
He leaves his love for a brighter face,
The leaf speeds on with a swifter pace.

A Senior yearns for a blooming bride,
The leaf is at last on the river wide,
His manly worth by the world is tried,
The leaf is tossed on the ocean's tide.

A hero striving for fame we see,
The leaf bears seed from its parent tree,
The victor's crown of success he wears,
An isle of the sea a forest bears.

J. C. H.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR TEACHERS.

[*Continued*]

PROF. D. MCGREGOR MEANS.

The practice of requiring written compositions has little to be said in its favor. It may sometimes lead to improvement in style and order of thought, but as a rule it is very irksome to both scholar and teacher. It is defended sometimes as a useful means of acquiring correct spelling; but spelling is after all an insignificant matter. It is acquired by reading, for the most part, and when learned by rote is a purely arbitrary exercise of memory. Within this century we may have a rational system of spelling our language sanctioned by high authorities, and meanwhile the old ways may well be allowed to lapse. It is no doubt of great importance in every case that the student be able to give a clear description, and a well ordered argument upon occasion. This end however is not to be attained through any special exercise, but should be furthered by every recitation. In reciting Geography the power of general description should be developed; in reciting History, the power of narrative; in Mathematics, deductive reasoning should receive attention, and in Natural Science both induction and deduction come into play. It will be found that a child that has been taught to express itself clearly and elegantly in recitation will very soon be able to write a good composition, should that be deemed necessary, toward the close of the period of education. No child can contribute to our knowledge, but it can recount to us what it has seen or read in a precise and even agreeable manner. Slovenly work in the tradesman's apprentice incurs blame, and the repetition of the same fault is avoided. So in every recitation the teacher should require accurate statement in correct language. Nothing else should be admitted. When the grasp of the mind has been extended by education, it will be wise to require a written account of some considerable fields of study; but this should not be attempted at an early day. If compositions must be had, by all means the teacher should select subjects in which the pupils are interested.

The study of geography is generally carried too far. The outlines of the oceans and chief countries should be fixed in the mind by map-drawing, and the divisions of the native land should naturally receive the most attention. But a practical exercise in drawing the map of a small section of country well known to the scholars will be worth more than many hours of book study. Some few statistics may be learned, but even these will be soon forgotten by most minds. Statistics are of no value except in connection with a scientific knowledge of man and nature; and this is not often communicated in a school.

Much the same may be said of the study of

History. No really useful knowledge of History can be communicated in an ordinary school. Nevertheless there are certain great facts that should be impressed upon the child's mind, and especially certain legends and anecdotes that may or may not be true, but have become part of the heritage of the race or the nation. Romulus and Remus, William Tell, Pocahontas, King Alfred and the cakes may not be regarded as historical matter by the critics, but they should never be omitted from the education of a child. They contribute too large a part of the world's literature. The striking incident of the colonization of this country, the wars of the revolution and of the rebellion, form our peculiar heritage, and should be read or listened to by the child and repeated to the teacher. Dates are of no value whatever in education until the mind is sufficiently enlarged to comprehend the great sweep of the world's progress. A dozen dates is a full complement for most young scholars. History, then, should receive the briefest attention in school; although the reading of History should be constantly urged upon scholars and every endeavor should be made to form habits of historical reading that will cling through life. That school would be indeed a happy one that could devote a year or two to historical study, but few such schools, it may be feared, exist. Especially to be avoided are the condensations and universal histories. They should be used solely as dictionaries for handy reference. In History, interest is everything. Unless the child is fascinated by the subject, no attempt should be made in early years to compel its study.

It is probably useless to inveigh against the requirement of declamation in schools. The American people seems to require and to support a multitude of "tonguey" men, and the supply would certainly fail did not the schools give training for the platform. The most weighty speakers are, beyond doubt, those whose powers of mind are the greatest, and such men will always command a hearing. It is seldom the case that powerful reasoning is neglected for lack of the graces of oratory; and that man may be pitied who, finding that his audiences yawn, thinks to control them by increased attention to his gestures. It cannot be admitted that readiness in speech is an unqualified blessing; it is too often a temptation to loose thought. Our American public speakers are perhaps the best in the world; but their speeches when printed are, as a rule, contemptible. A teacher may well hesitate before endowing his pupil with a ready tongue and depriving him of that modesty that naturally induces silence before a multitude.

THINGS THAT SHRINK IN WEIGHING.

Those who have read the articles entitled "The Adirondacks Verified," which have been contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner, will undoubtedly remember his vivid description of a fight with a trout. He tells how the water fairly boiled in the monster's ragings; how the shores of the mountain lake became like to the horizon on the sunset of a misty day; how the unfortunate victim darted repeatedly at the fisherman's head with vicious intent, and how when the fishy ghost had departed to swim forever afterwards in the crystal waters of a piscal paradise, the body which he left behind, balanced the scales at exactly three quarters of a pound. The writer says also in the same article, that the largest trout he ever caught was the ten pounder that he missed, and afterwards very pointedly remarks, that *trout* always shrink in weighing. The thought strikes one as he reads this anecdote — if anecdote we may call it— that there are many other things that always shrink in weighing. Honor, wealth, morals, every thing that can excite a man's ambition, appearing wonderful and grand in the distance, becomes of far less importance when once obtained. The glitter of gold as seen through the magnifying window of a shaky air castle loses much of its lustre when once it lies in the searcher's hand.

Alexander, as a boy, sighed to have the whole world under his control, yet when it lay trembling at his feet, his ambition longed for another world to conquer. He had thought as a boy that this would be glory enough, but when his object was accomplished and his mighty victory complete, his ambition was still unsatisfied. When placed in his own scales, the conqueror's glory shrunk in weighing.

If we take the course of almost any man and follow him step by step, we shall find that his ambition is never wholly satisfied; that when he attains to a position which from a lower standpoint seemed the height of glory and honor, there looms up in the distance a higher mountain, which he climbs, in turn, only to gaze upon one loftier still.

As the boy sees his big brother showing off, as he beholds him jumping fearlessly from the scaffold beam into the yielding hay beneath, as he sees him pulling himself up six times on a horizontal bar, or turning a hand-spring without landing on his back, his childish ambition sighs to perform those wonderful acrobatic feats with equal agility. When, with the development of his muscles and his courage, he arrives at the desired proficiency, he philosophizes and wonders in his own boyish way, why it is that these things "aint half as big as they used to be." Perhaps our young friend concludes to go to college. May be he has seen a Freshman wearing a cane (while home on a vacation), and has heard him tell of a terrible sophomore raid and listened to the account of hair breadth escapes incident to a Freshman's life.

Then he wants to be a Freshman—a college man; that's enough for him; but he finds, alas, after the well meaning but rather searching professor has handled him separately and individually, that there are, in truth, a few trials before he gets there. He is there now; but where is all the anticipated glory? "Horse-shedding" season is over and he isn't patronized as much as he used to be. He finds to his sorrow that the honor of being a Freshman shrinks mightily in weighing, and that the tones of the "First Duke" are by no means soothing.

He advances in his college course, doing unto others as he has been done by, and when the day of graduation has passed and he takes a last ramble over the familiar campus, or sits for the last time in his deserted room, which is hallowed by the pleasantest associations of the college man's life, there is a suspicious moisture about his eyes that he isn't ashamed to call tears, and he feels a genuine grief as the pleasantest memories of the four years just completed rush to his mind.

When he is fairly adrift in the world, he finds that his diploma shrinks some when weighed in the popular scales, and that the value of a college course is not remarkably great, unless he has studied *men* as well as *books*.

As he continues to develope he thinks, "How great would be a seat in the legislative assembly! How glorious to have a hand in the management of government affairs!" Perhaps he arrives at this exalted position; but he finds to his disappointment, that instead of having a hand in the political pool, he can only insert a small portion of his finger, and it is a mercy if that doesn't get caught in some political trap. So he lives, continually proving that there is a difference between the thing sought, and the thing obtained. That honors and wealth are apt to fall short, and, when placed in the balance, to be found sorely wanting.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

How often have we been told that the place of strange and thrilling events is in the ideal world of romance and not in the real world around us; that in busy, plodding, every-day life, we find, in place of the thrilling dreams of romance, sordid self-interest, commonplace business and the worship of success in every form. The thrilling tale of the novelist and the brilliant schemes of the philosopher have been alike derided as incon-

sistent with the hard, stern realities of the world. And yet, upon the pages of human history, stand forth deeds more wild and thrilling than novelist ever dared imagine, and revolutions more vast and wonderful than philosopher ever dared conceive. Now and then, even in our very midst, the whisper of some dark, wild deed of desperation, breathed in the shuddering ear, sends a thrill of horror through the soul; or the burning tale of some noble act of heroism calls forth a burst of wonder and admiration, stronger than was ever accorded to the wild dream of the poet or the brilliant creations of the romancer.

As we glance down the long records of the ancient world, there meets the eye, upon almost every page, the account of some deed which may well challenge comparison with aught upon the age of fiction. The Spartan band at Thermopylæ, bravely dying, though the last hope had fled; Regulus, suffering with stern endurance the tortures of the Carthaginians, and Alcibiades, devoting his brilliant genius to the plots and intrigues of his wild and reckless career, are a few of these countless instances.

Nor is the wild and marvelous in history confined to single deeds of men otherwise unknown and unhonored; but we find here men whose lives present facts as strange and fascinating as the wildest dreams of fiction; and find them not amid surroundings humble and obscure, but at the head of armies and on the thrones of kings—men upon whom was fastened the gaze of all the world. Where, among all our writers of fiction, is there one who would dare to introduce into a a character so strongly compounded as that of Richard Coeur de Lion, the warrior-king of England? Possessing the traits of a true king, eminently fitted to command, and yet as impetuous and reckless as any soldier in his ranks, his fiery and chivalrous spirit led him into a series of adventures which seem like a romance. Whether upon the throne of England, battling fiercely in a heathen land or a prisoner among his enemies, we see the same haughty spirit, the same strong and conflicting forces of character and we pause to wonder whether we are reading the truthful record of history or a wild legend of romance.

And where, in all the realms of fiction, will you find a personage with a stranger life and character than Charles XII. of Sweden, the famous "Madman of the North"? What a histotory was his! Constantly engaged in war and continually victorious, though fighting at tremendous odds, he becomes a terror to all the surrounding nations. At length, defeated in a great battle in the heart of Russia, and compelled to take refuge in the Turkish dominions, he remains there with no apparent concern for his suffering country. He refuses to leave the house which he occupies and when an attempt is made to remove him by force, with a few scores of men, he fiercely resists the whole Turkish army, until, the house being destroyed and his comrades slain, he is overpowered and borne off, still struggling with all his might. Then, becoming himself once more, he sets out for Sweden. After a difficult and perilous journey in disguise, he at length reaches his own land, so changed that his own officers do not know him. Plunging once more into war, he is treacherously slain before a petty fortress in the south of Norway. Thus he perished, leaving behind him, it is safe to say, a record for which we may in vain seek a parallel in history or romance.

Scarcely less remarkable is the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. By his unaided genius, he raised himself from obscurity to the throne of Charlemagne and became a man whose slightest whisper was heard throughout the world. Yet, overpowered by resistless foes, he ended his days in loneliness and sorrow upon a desolate isle, far away from the scene of his triumph.

But the histories of nations as well as of individuals, have their wild and romantic features. Look at the little mountain republic of Switzerland. See her, long trodden under the iron heel of despotism, at length arising in the might of justice, with her bare peasant arm putting to

flight the battalions of the tyrant and, in spite of the utmost efforts of her enemies, maintaining her rocky seat upon the Alps, till the nations are compelled to recognize her freedom and independence.

We see, then, that there is romance in real life; that it exists in the sober records of history, as well as in the realms of imagination. And with a meaning and force, which it never before possessed, comes home to our minds the trite old maxim, "*Truth is stranger than fiction.*"

*CAVE CANEM.**

At the entrance of one of the Museums in Naples, the above caution is cut in the marble floor, not so much for the purpose of warning visitors against a vicious dog, as to put them on their guard in the common intercourse of life.

To this end Cave Canem should be painted on every street corner, and engraved on every door sill of social intercourse. Let me say why.

Here is a man who is altogether TOO GOOD. He fasts twice in a week, and gives tithes of all he possesses. He keeps step to the music of the church bell, and walks up the aisle as though going to his own coronation. He pours on his minister's head molasses instead of the oil of gladness. He commends the weekly prayer-meeting, and in the same breath excuses his non-attendance. He loudly recommends all popular objects of charity, and gives, sometimes, with a flourish of generosity. He claims super-orthodoxy on the philosophy of doctrines, and magnifies points of no practical importance. He lets down all law, divine and human, to accommodate human imperfection, and flatters his own self-righteousness. And to shew his zeal for the Lord, he gets up a great sacrifice under false pretences, and drives his chariot furiously over the images and worshippers of Baal.

He is quite TOO GOOD! Cave Canem.

Here is another. He praises me to my face unduly; he piles up blarney enough to make an Irish monument; he weaves a chaplet of flowers for my honored head, and a new silk case for my generous heart; he tells me that neither mule nor man can beat me into eating thistles, and generous acts!

Bah! He has an ax to grind; a selfish end to gain; a supposed fool to catch with chaff. Cave Canem.

And yet another. This is a dog of diabolical origin and intensely wicked habits. And the more so because he bites more than he barks, and yelps with delight where a decent dog would cry. He comes around you fawningly, and is profoundly sorry there is so much rottenness in Denmark. Is very sorry that the merchant across the way is going too fast; is buying, selling, and trusting too much. Hopes his creditors will be considerate; his bankruptcy will not fall like a snow storm in May, and the general disappointment will be relieved by his unquestionably good intentions. What if he has always bought for cash, and has never allowed his note to be protested; others have failed, and why should not his feet stand on slippery places?

But his grief for character is deeper than his sorrow for cash. He is greatly grieved at the rumors about another neighbor, whom he had regarded as one of the best men in town! And that a lady, esteemed as one of the brightest christian ornaments, should be barked at by so mean a puppy! Why, if an angel had fallen from the third heaven, his surprise could not have been greater! And then, that the leading minister of the town should in some mysterious way be involved in the matter! Not criminally; no, no; but, but, it is a great pity that people fall so far below perfection. He hopes these rumors may not prove true; thinks, and begs that nothing should be said about them; while he is trotting all over town to repeat them; insinuating, suspecting, and undermining character in the most cruel way! Cave Canem. And if you are sure that both law and order are on your side, hang the mischievous quadruped on the first lamp post.

*Beware of the dog.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1879.

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EDITORIAL.

THE winter term has commenced with the best of prospects. The general attendance on the first day was commendatory to the students and a matter of congratulation to the Faculty. There has not been a time during the last four years when the general health of the students and Faculty has been better. Those who have been sick are either entirely recovered or are rapidly approaching that point. As far as we can ascertain, vacation has literally flown. Severe resolves to write so many compositions or orations, read so many histories of departed empires and to wade through so many biographies, have naturally and as usual gone the way of all the earth. But better than such a vast amount of knowledge that theoretically could have been attained, there may be seen a fresher glow on the cheek, a more buoyant step and a merrier laugh. These are the legitimate results of a prosperous vacation.

OF COURSE at the approach of winter, the subject of teaching school has been more or less discussed. The *Dartmouth* came out last fall decidedly in favor of teaching a winter school if one was hard pressed for money. The opinion seemed to be that little real advantage would be lost. However it may be at Dartmouth, the winter term in Middlebury College is one of the most interesting and important of the year; and, whoever is compelled to stay out to teach, finds himself in no enviable position when he comes back. His chances of taking a high position in his class are lost, his health often falters under the strain, the whole year is divided and the best season for study is occupied in wading through snow banks, building school fires, teaching the alphabet and primary studies to fifteen or twenty dull scholars and spending his unprofitable evenings around the kitchen stove. A practical experience of life is perhaps obtained, but at what expense! From a few years' experience the present division of the college year and the disfavor thrown upon winter teaching, have established their reputation. One or two have been compelled to drop out a year, but they do not consider this a great disadvantage, for they are able to secure schools of a high order, have the full benefit of a thorough year's teaching and step into the next class fully, if not better, equipped than when they left.

The following quotation from a note written by a persecuted pedagogue, who has the misfortune to be teaching this winter, is perhaps slightly vindictive and expressed in rather strong language; but shows at least one side of the question:

"A boy experiences supreme happiness only when he is making the greatest possible amount of confusion, and supreme wretchedness when compelled to keep silent for any period over thirty seconds. His idea of the happy hereafter is an endless hall strewn with chairs, tin-pans, coal-scuttles, &c., &c., through which he can run forever, whistling, screaming, kicking; while hung up on pegs at frequent intervals along the walls are the tyrannical pedagogues powerless either to punish or avoid the noise."

WE HAVE received several communications from the class of '60 concerning a proposed reunion of their class at the coming commencement. We are glad to make mention of it and sincerely hope that it may be brought about. Class reunions unite the alumni more closely to the college and its interests than almost any other event. The class of '60 have been out nineteen years; and, coming back from the busy struggle of middle life, ought to bring a healthy, practical enthusiasm, which will be a noble incentive to the undergraduates, and especially to those who are so soon to try the world for themselves. For all that has been said to the contrary, there is some truth in the statement that four years of college life have a powerful tendency to withdraw the mind from the practical affairs of life. This is inevitably the case unless some strong incentive to keep up with the times is placed before the student. To see our alumni as they return, to listen to their stories of college life, to see the change of their opinions in regard to various matters of interest to students, to take their advice, which gains its sanctity from experience, and to feel that we too shall soon leave books for actions, theories for practice, the trivial trials and temptations of college for the stern battles of real life, all this gives a healthy glow and enthusiasm to undergraduates, which could be obtained from no other source.

THE Middlebury College Publishing Association is at last to be incorporated. This has been threatening for some time, and we take pleasure in announcing its consummation. Several interesting meetings have been held during the past week or so, and the enthusiasm evinced shows that the boys have as much interest in the UNDERGRADUATE as ever.

Before, the Association was an illegal body, could not make contracts, had no responsibility and hence was crippled in more ways than one. These obstacles have been removed and the association will move on with a surer step and do a more effective work.

There came out incidentally during the discussions several matters of interest; the treasurer's report especially so. The paper has been enlarged four pages and the price for printing brought down to such a figure as to save some sixty dollars a year.

The nominal capital of the incorporated association will be five thousand dollars with fifty shares of one hundred dollars. If there are any friends of the UNDERGRADUATE or of the college, who would like to invest in a preject where their capital will remain secure and can be withdrawn at will, we refer them to the chairman of the financial committee, who will attend gratefully to their orders. A real capital of five thousand dollars would place our paper above all possibility of embarrassment. We give below the articles respecting the incorporation of the M. C. P. Association:

Section 1. We, who are stockholders in this hereby formed corporation, and our successors, by these presents constitute ourselves into a body politic and corporate by the name of the "Publishing Corporation of Middlebury College," according to the act of the General Assembly of this State, approved November 23, 1870.

Sec. 2. This corporation is established for the purpose of publishing a monthly paper known as the "Undergraduate," and for the transaction of any and all other business that may arise from the publication of the paper aforesaid.

Sec. 3. The location or place of business of said corporation is at Middlebury College, in the town of Middlebury and County of Addison.

Sec. 4. The capital stock of said corporation is five thousand dollars, which is divided into shares of one hundred dollars each.

Sec. 5. The business of said corporation is managed by seven directors, elected from the stockholders, who hold stock to the amount of two hundred dollars. One of said directors is president of the corporation, one clerk, and three constitute a financial committee, the chairman of which is treasurer.

F. E. Whipple,
Henry W. Hulbert,
E. H. Farnsworth,
H. R. Dorr,
John C. Scofield,
F. A. Parker,
J. L. Barton,
} Directors.

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 18, 1879.

NOTES FROM THE ALUMNI.

Reminiscences of College Life.

BY REV. H. ROOD, D. D.

No. II.

In our first article we left the freshman class of 1815–16 waiting for their first morning prayers. They were impatient till the bell summoned them. When prayers were finished and the other classes disposed of, we were cooly informed that there were no rooms for students in the college building; that the new stone dormitory would not be ready for occupancy till the spring term; that there was a building in the eastern part of the village, half a mile or more from the chapel, designed and once occupied as a female seminary, called Chipman hall, having some sixteen or eighteen smallish but very good rooms, and had been hired for the use of the college. We were all to go there and take our rooms. A tutor was to reside in the hall, give us our morning prayers and recitations there, and at evening prayers and public speaking on Wednesdays, we must come to the chapel. These matters being all settled, we were soon in our rooms and ready for work.

Studies of First Term.—These were *Cæsar's Commentaries*, with a critical and thorough review of Latin grammar, a double recitation in one. The modern conventional hour was not specially regarded. Our boarding houses were close by, and dinner at half past 12 o'clock. Second, *Murrays English Grammar*, with daily sentences and paragraphs written in English for criticism. This was to be patient and deliberate work. Our teacher had sense enough to give us a little lecture, informing and showing us, that when we were through college and professional studies, and went out to our life-work, the chief mediums through which we could act on the world and do the duties of literary men, would be the written page and the speaking voice. Hence it resulted, as a matter of course, that our ability to speak and read distinctly and handsomely, and to write good and correct English, were the very corner stones, and the only true foundation of an American education. It is so. He was right, and our first term-studies were correct. The same course ought to be pursued now. Not one half of the students who enter our colleges have any correct and critical knowledge of English grammar or composition, and many never attain it. Without these, an education is like a Burmese house beside one of their great rivers, built of light stuff and placed on four posts, expecting the first heavy flow to sweep it away.

Third, *Two lessons a week in arithmetic*, reviewing fundamental fractions. I had taught two schools, made a specialty of English grammar, and mastered it; but it was with a pleasure, which words cannot express, that I sat and drank in the analysis, the construction, the peculiar idioms, and the beauties of the English language compared with the Latin. *Comparative Philology* was a term then unknown in the world, even to the largest portion of the most learned men, and still we were studying it every day in our compositions of the English and Latin tongues.

Our Teacher.—Our instructor this first term of our college course was Tutor Keith. He was

a tall, spare man, stooped a little, of slender health, short sighted, wore glasses, a clear headed, sharp scholar, and exceedingly modest and delicate in all his feelings and doings. No one could help respecting and loving him. He had a remarkable quality as a teacher. He was keen and sharp in correcting all mistakes and errors, but he did it in such a definite, modest, delicate way, that while the pupil saw his mistake, he was never abashed or mortified, but rather felt as if any one might have made the same blunder.

Going to Evening Prayers.—This was all right and comfortable in dry weather. But Middlebury was then more famous for the depth and stickability of its mud than for its literary men and accomplished women. The leading feature of the soil was a soft clay. The main roads were not turnpiked up much. If there was a side walk in the village I never saw nor heard of it. In wet weather it was nothing but mud, muddier, muddiest. After going to prayers, it took longer to wash the mud off from his boots than it did to go and come. This was annoying and required patience. But it must be an ill wind, and a poor mud, that brings good to no one. The small shops that sold shoe brushes and blacking found an increased patronage from Chipman hall.

Getting Wood.—October soon came. The fields put on their fall dress, and the forests their autumnal glory. We began to snuff the Northern breezes. Wood must be had. This proved to be a rude and primitive business. There was no wood market of any kind. Inquiry was made of intelligent neighbors. The answer was, "Well, I do not know of any wood to be sold in the village; don't think there is any. The farmers have wood enough on their land, I guess you can get some from them." Some consultation was held, and a committee were sent off to the farms to search for wood. One said, "No, my corn and potatoes are not half in, I cannot get wood for any one." Another said, "I have no dry wood to spare; not half enough for myself, but I have a good team and cart. I can cut down a small dry tree and carry it up to you if that will do, but I can't get up more than two or three loads in that shape." A bargain was closed and things looked encouraging. The wood came along in logs and limbs from eight to ten feet long. The next farmer said, "I have wood enough and a good team, but my cart is broken. I can cut down two or three smallish trees and drag them up to you whole, if that will do, and you can cut them up as you please." So another bargain was fixed, and the trees were snaked up, as the farmers say, limbs and all. Of course a good sharp axe became a necessary article of furniture in nearly everp room, and many knew how to use it safely —some did not. One poor fellow, a lad of about sixteen years, who had never used an axe much, if at all, undertook to cut off a small round stick, and as it rolled some, he put his left foot on it to hold it still. Then he brought down a good smart blow which split the toe of his boot entirely open and cut his foot a little. He felt the blood on his foot and thought he was gone for. He flung away the axe, threw himself on the ground, and cried out, "O, help, help, *by gorry* I have split my foot all to pieces." Two or three ran to him, pulled off his boot and stocking, and found he had not cut his foot much, only just enough to make it bleed a little. They told him not to be frightened, his foot was not cut much, and if he would go up to his room they would put a little bandage on it and it would be right in two or three days. He exclaimed, "*By gorry*, I don't care so much about my foot, but there is my boot all split to pieces, and it is the only one I have got, and it will cost a dollar to get it mended. *By gorry* I guess I will go home." But he did not, got his boot mended, and was soon all right. This was a fair specimen of all the wood operations while I was in college. It was usually brought eight or ten feet long or snaked up in whole trees. The farmers never cut four foot wood and brought it in, except under contract as a winter's job.

To be continued.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Bought your books?

Have you had a sleigh ride?

What did you get for Christmas?

Have you began your Junior oration?

Why don't some one play the organ in chapel?

Dyer's block is rapidly approaching completion.

Brainerd ('79) preached in Ferrisburgh during vacation.

Prof. Means and wife spent the winter recess at Andover.

Prof. Brainerd preached last Sabbath, the 19th, at Wallingford.

Is the gymnasium subject so dead that it cannot be revived?

It is reported that Cowles will coach under Fish and rejoin his class ere long.

Chess seems to be the popular game in college, whist having taken a back seat for awhile.

The Chip and Hungry, which was deferred, took place on Tuesday night, January 14.

Dugald Stewart is improving rapidly, and will in all probability be with us again next year.

Murkland and Oliver are taking lessons in organ-playing from Prof. Higley. Hurry up.

H. M. Parker, formerly of the class of '79, is with us again after a long absence, in the class of '80.

President Hulbert preached the ordination sermon of the Rev. Mr. Grinnell at Rochester, January 14.

Blessed are they that board themselves, for they shall have breakfast without wallowing in snow drifts.

Present prospects indicate that '83 will outnumber '82. Oh! Retribution thy ways are manifold and sure!

The following is the latest version of Holmes' Poem which might be applied to certain students who don't board themselves:

If I should live to be
The last thief in the pan-tree
In dusky eve;
I will smile when they do groan
O'er the old dismantled bone
Which I leave.

The Hawthorne Club held their last meeting at Prof. Parker's residence, when selections were read from Washington Irving.

Miss Hattie Chapman entertained a party of about sixty one evening during vacation, and those students who were present report a pleasant time.

The Freshman class rejoices in a new member, Mr. C. B. F. Palmer, who comes here fresh from the manipulations of Prof. H. H. Ross of Vergennes.

Mrs. Hammond, the revivalist, has been rousing the dormant energies of crowded houses during the past week and a good work is reported. She remains one more week.

The annual "Forefathers' Supper" has taken place and seems to improve with age. The college quartette furnished music, and the toasts were responded to in a becoming manner.

Not as much calling as usual on New Year's day, but those of the students who were out affirm that the ladies were never more agreeable and entertaining.

Prof. Kellogg's lecture on "Poetry" was well attended and is highly spoken of. The same is said of Prof. Higley's lecture at New Haven on the "Artful Dodger."

The minstrel troupe organized in this place is apparently meeting with good success, as their entertainment here is to be repeated and several adjoining towns are advertised.

When the college bell breaks in upon our morning nap we are forcibly reminded of the wisdom in Mark Twain's speech on the barbarous custom of getting up in the night to eat.

It is quite common now to hear conversations like the following: "Good bordig, Browd." "Good bordig, Jodes. Whad are takig for your code?" "Hadkerchios. Whad are you doig?" "Prayig."

As is customary during the winter term, upper and lower classmen are tumbled, without distinction, into the back end of the philosophical room, and even a Freshman can go out first without a reprimand.

The Sophs have plunged into analytics with a feeling one experiences when he receives a cold shower bath, and already their dreams are filled with visions of the prime family travelling off into space on the asymtotes driving a chariot ornamented with series, cosines and tangents, while half a dozen Sophs are dragged along after them torn and lacerated by the sharp edges of discussions and formulae.

2ty is gone. We shall see him no more persecuted around the recitation room until, flying to the Professor for safety, he gets put out. We shall miss him, especially at rhetoricals, where he did good work last term as a prompter.

The college choir were entertained very pleasantly a few evenings since by Prof. and Mrs. Higley. The Professor has composed and dedicated to the choir several pieces of music which we shall hear during the term.

The Kaleidoscope still continues to be one of the things of the future. But there is no pleasure in the world like anticipation. We trust, however, that the editors won't forget that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Rev. Franklin Tuxbury of Waterbury, Conn., gave the third in the High School series of lectures on January 15th, on "The Privilege of Books." Though the audience was small the lecture was one of the best in the course.

A debate took place at the High School January 10th, between members of the New Haven Lyceum and members of the Adelphi. Hearers report a superiority of eloquence from New Haven, but a superiority in argument from Middlebury.

Dorr and Oliver have adorned each end of their mantel with handsome marble statues of Venus' from Milan. Venus de Milo occupies one end and Canova's Venus the other. They should yield the central position to de Medici and then resign all further attempts at study, at least in that room.

The townspeople are agitating the subject of a new bridge across the creek, and whether it shall be stone or wood is the all important question. At all events it is to be raised and the disagreeable elevation on each side will be partly done away with. Why don't they settle the matter by voting the erection of a handsome iron bridge, which would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever?

Miss Angie M. B. Lowell of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, of Philadelphia, who has been giving lessons in elocution in Middlebury for the past month, gave an entertainment, assisted by her pupils, in Academy Hall, Monday eve, the 20th inst. Her readings through the county have been very popular.

The students find it no longer possible to ponder over the morning's lesson on the way to chapel, as it requires every effort both physical and mental to keep in the narrow path. A single misstep plunges them into the deep snow on either side, and the absent minded ones are invariably late. Some have suggested that we plead for a day off and devote it to digging out the paths, and thus removing the incentive.

William H. Sheldon, formerly of '80, was in town during the Christmas holidays, and graphically describes the slashings and cuttings at Bellevue. He mentions the cutting off an arm or leg as we would speak of paring our finger nails.

The Juniors began Whately on Monday. The Seniors are occupied with Fine Art and Political Economy.

No more the busy little Soph
Goes out at night to flam.
But stops at home, and ponders well,
His portion of the Ram.

The Junior sees his twinkling light,
And trembling stands, forsooth,
Bewailing, lest, in deep revenge,
The Soph may tell the truth.

Several Freshmen were engaged a few days since in the manly occupation of teasing a big Newfoundland dog in the chapel hall. Patience finally ceased to be a virtue and he started for them pell mell up the stairs, drove them into the Philosophical room and kept them prisoners for half an hour or so, until he was called away by one of the students who understood his peculiarities.

The Euterpe Club, conducted by Prof. Higley, and consisting of Mrs. Higley, Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Weeks, Miss Tupper, Miss Sheldon and the college quartette, gave a grand concert as the first entertainment of the Young People's Literary Society of Shoreham, last Wednesday eve, the 15th inst. The elaborate programme was enthusiastically received. The noticeable feature of the evening was a solo sung by Mrs. Higley, the music of which was composed by the Professor. The college quartette reaped immortal glory as far as we can ascertain, which glory reflected upon the institution which they represented.

Two students who cannot as yet appreciate the peculiar forms of expression required in the study of Psychology, gave Archy a penny the other day to tell his papa that he was going to an objective world whose redemptive economy was admirably adapted to the totality of his mental depravity. Archy called his papa to the window

immediately and said: "Papa, these two fellows gave me a penny to tell you that you was going to an objective world." Students stand petrified with mortification soliloquizing *soto voce*, "Open earth and hide me, fall ye walls and crush me."

Two of the students have been taking turns in emptying pails of water upon each other and quite a laughable mistake occurred at the latter end of the Fall term. One of them knowing that the other must pass out of the South Division in Starr Hall, took up his position with a pail of water on the top floor. When the victim appeared the water was poured out, but the time occupied in falling had not been calculated and the entire contents of the pail fell upon two students who were immediately behind the intended victim. They flew back up the stairs, but the culprit had fled, and the mighty Ajax, who was leaning out of the window was seized, and quite a fracas ensued before explanations could take place.

PERSONALS.

'14. Rev. Samuel C. Aiken, a native of Windham, in this State, died in Cleveland, Ohio, January 1, aged 88 years. He had been a prominent Presbyterian minister for many years.

'23. Forefathers' day was celebrated at West Rutland, Rev. L. L. Tilden of Nashua, N. H., delivering an address in the church upon "The causes leading to the settlement of Plymouth colony."

'27. Dr. Wines, the indefatigable prison reformer, sends us a report made by him at an English social-science congress at Cheltenham, England, on the late congress at Stockholm, which aroused an interesting discussion.—*Springfield Rep.*

'29. The *Congregationalist* and Vermont *Chronicle* have spoken in the highest terms of the stand Dr. Truman M. Post of St. Louis, has taken in regard to religious newspapers.

'29. Hon. Daniel Roberts was in attendance upon the Addison County Court at its recent session.

'32. Ephraim Holt Jenney of New York, died December 11th, aged 72 years. For twenty-eight years he had been connected with the business management of the New York *Tribune*.

'34. Hon. Charles Paulk resides at Waukon, Iowa.

'35. Henry Hall, Esq., has a number of lectures upon a variety of interesting subjects, which he is ready to deliver upon very reasonable terms wherever he may be invited. Mr. Hall is a man of great learning, and is capable of instructing as well as entertaining any audience that may be gathered in this State. The list of subjects which he announces shows the variety and extent of his researches.—*Rutland Herald & Globe.*

'38. Prof. William F. Bascom was in Middlebury at the recent Forefathers' celebration. He made a very happy after-supper speech.

'40. The argument of Hon. E. J. Phelps of Burlington, for the complainant in the celebrated reed organ case of Riley Burdett vs. Jacob Estey and others, has been issued in a pamphlet containing one hundred and thirty large pages.

'56. Rev. Prof. L. A. Austin of Meriden, N. H., delivered a discourse on Forefathers' day at Ascutneyville, Sunday afternoon, December 29, to an interested and appreciative audience.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

'57. Rev. S. Knowlton of New Haven, was elected register for five years at the Addison County Conference of Congregational Ministers, held at Orwell, December 17 and 18.

'59. Rev. M. L. Severance has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church in Orwell, to take effect before the first of April.

'66. E. J. Ranslow has had several articles on Congregationalism in the *Vermont Chronicle.*

'67. J. M. Slade, at the Trustees' meeting, held January 2, in Middlebury, was appointed village attorney.

'70. At a recent meeting of the directors, S. A. Griffin of Ludlow, Vt., was appointed a director of the Black River National Bank.

'70. An exceedingly pleasant affair was the marriage, Tuesday evening, at the residence of Franklin Butler, of Mr. Marsh O. Perkins of Rutland, who has been the popular and successful principal of the Windsor High School, and Miss Clara Alice, eldest daughter of the late L. J. McIndoe. The ceremony was performed beneath a beautiful marriage bell, by Rev. F. Butler. The presents were beautiful, useful and numerous.

'76. E. H. Baxter is teaching this winter at West Salisbnry.

'76. E. C. Evans was installed December 20, at Norwood, N. Y.

'77. In Bradford, November 19, B. M. Weld, A. B., principal of Bradford Academy, was married by Rev. S. H. Elliott, to Miss Ella M. Dean of Bradford.

'77. N. H. Munsill has resigned his position as principal of the Wallingford Graded School, and is now studying law with W. G. Veazey at Rutland.

'77. Willis I. Twitchell of Warren, Mass., was in town recently.

'80. P. A. Griswold is teaching at Bennington Centre.

'81. F. R. Utley, formerly at Bennington Centre, has accepted the position of principal of the Wallingford Graded School.

PLUNDER.

Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Makes him so gory and so hard to find—
Keeps Howard chasing o'er the lava beds.
And Schurz and Sheridan at loggerheads.—*Ex.*

"Madam, may I ask what this is?" said a student at breakfast to his landlady. "Certainly, sir, that's coffee," was the reply. "Ah, indeed, what's it made of?" He didn't find out.—*Berkeleyan.*

An exchange would be pleased to know if, when a dog expires, he goes to the happy land of canine?"

A learned clergyman in the State of Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose? "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," enjoined the other, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."—*Ex.*

When a man is hanging by his toes from the cornice of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so completely reassures and so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely at home in bed.—*Ex.*

Sidney Smith was never at a loss for an answer. His physician, while prescribing for him one day, remarked that he ought to take a walk every day on an empty stomach. "Whose?" was the quick response.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

Since December 1st we have received the following exchanges: *Williams' Athenæum, Tripod, Rochester Campus, McGill Gazette, Brunonian, Madisonensis, Reveille, Bowdoin Orient, College Argus, College Index, College Olio, Concordiensis, Chronicle, News Letter, Archangel, Oberlin Review, Ariel, Collegian and Neoterian, College Record, Student Life, Dartmouth, Berkeleyan, New York World.*

The December *Berkeleyan* comes out with a new cover more elaborate than appropriate. A pair of breeches and a hat made into a sort of Jack-o'lantern do not carry a very literary air.

We thank the *Student Life* for the complimentary remarks in the last issue. If our exchange brother had taken the trouble to read the article on Psychology for Teachers, which had such an appalling effect upon him, he would have found it as interesting as it was "weighty." It surely is not an "ancient and rock-ribbed subject, and is one of the most "live practical questions of today." We fail to see the force of the same criticism concerning the remaining articles entitled "Uncharitable Literary Critics" and "The Pan-Collegiate Review." Please explain yourself brother editor.

The last issue of the *News Letter* is by far the best we have yet seen. The very practical question—"Shall the American Student go to Europe?"—is discussed in an interesting manner and with a satisfactory conclusion. It quotes the opinions of the best educators of the land and especially those of Hon. J. S. Potter, U. S. Consul at Stuttgart, Germany. The following are a few of the results: "They concurred in the opinion that a year or more of study in Europe, after one's education is completed in American institutions, is well; but it can never be wise to substitute the former for any part of the latter, or to interrupt the one—save in case of ill health, or something else exceptional—for the latter." Four and a half milions of dollars a year are spent by Americans for education in Germany. "Instances are known, where, to learn the German language, American children have crossed sea and land to enter a large school in southern Germany, in which the text-books or grammars used were printed and published in Boston and New Haven, and the instruction given by an eminent and gifted professor who acquired the mastery of the German and other languages in America."

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